

JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaire," "Colonel Moore's Doctrine," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXX—Continued.

"How much L. & O. have you?" he demanded.

"Thirty-five thousand shares," replied Mr. Mason.

"How many have you sold?" asked Mr. Mason.

"About seventy-five thousand."

"Hu-m-m-m. Fine outlook! Forty thousand shares short on a stock, with only a hundred thousand shares in all," growled Randolph Morris.

"By God, if I pull out of this thing with a dollar I'll place it where you can't find it with a set of burglar's tools!"

Randolph Morris glared at his son, fumbled for his glasses and bent over the tape.

"Fifty-five bid for L. & O.," it read.

"Bid sixty for any part of ten thousand shares. Gimme that telephone! Go to the exchange, Mason, and get on the other end of this wire, and I'll give you the orders."

Shortly before noon a news agency made public a statement which hastened the crisis. It read:

"The deal in L. & O. was engineered by Mr. James Blake, the dashing young operator whose advent in New York was signalized by the recent upheaval in prices. For several weeks Mr. Blake has quietly been absorbing blocks of L. & O. To-day he secured ten thousand shares from General Marshall Carden, which, with the holdings of Mr. John Hawkins, gives the syndicate of which Mr. Blake is the head absolute control of this valuable property. Another railroad company has been a bidder for control, but the Carden stock gives Mr. Blake the coveted advantage."

"It is rumored that a well-known and powerful banking house is short this stock to the amount of nearly forty thousand shares. It opened at 29 1/2 and rapidly advanced to 75, and then by leaps and bounds reached 125. It is believed that only a few scattered shares are yet in the market, and that the stock is cornered."

"What are you doing there?" demanded Randolph Morris.

"Cashing a check," was the sullen reply.

"You are a thief as well as a fool," roared Randolph Morris, his hand on the door and his features convulsed with passion.

"No officer of a bank on the point of suspension has a right to accept or withdraw funds, and you know it."

He grabbed Arthur Morris by the shoulder and dragged him through the narrow doorway.

"My curse goes with that money!" he shouted, his face convulsed with rage.

"You have dragged me down to shame and poverty in my old age. I hope, by God, that everything you buy with that money will give you pain! I wish to God—"

His voice was choked, the blood surged to his temples, his hands clutched at his throat, and with a gasp for breath he fell heavily to the floor.

Before Arthur Morris realized what had happened, others were by his father's side. The stricken old financier partially recovered consciousness before a physician arrived, but again sank into a most alarming condition.

"Apoplexy," said the physician, in answer to a question. "Is this his first attack?" he asked Arthur Morris.

"I don't know," was the reply. "I've seen the governor so mad he couldn't speak, several times, but never so bad as this."

As he spoke Randolph Morris opened his eyes and they rested on his son.

"Take him away," he said, averting his eyes. "Take him away, and give me a chance to live."

"You're all right, governor," said Arthur Morris, as the doctor gave him a signal to stay out of sight. "Keep cool and you'll come out on top. I feel as bad as you do about it, but there's no use in kicking. Brace up

An hour had passed, and he hardly dared look at the quotations. Perhaps the deal had collapsed? Perhaps—

"L. & O. 145, 145 1/2, 146 1/2," called out the man who was reading the ticker. "Two thousand L. & O. at 150!"

An exultant shout went up from the crowd of men who surrounded James Blake. His handsome face was aglow with pleasure as they slapped him on the back.

"My congratulations, general," Blake said, grasping the old soldier's hand. "Our little pool is working splendidly! Do you feel like getting out at 150, general? I wouldn't advise you to do so, but if you wish it can be arranged. I have a customer who will take the stock off your hands at that figure."

"I am entirely satisfied to let it alone," said General Carden, drawing himself up proudly. "Handle my stock according to your judgment. The subordinate should not question the policy of a victorious commander."

"Mr. Burton wishes to see you," whispered a clerk to Blake, and the famous head of the firm turned and left General Carden.

He heard the shouts of victory and found himself shaking hands and laughing with strangers. He felt a strong grasp on his shoulder and turned to see James Blake.

"We settle with Randolph Morris & Company at 175," he whispered.

"Your share of the profits is nearly a million and a half. I'll call at your house this evening and give you a check for the exact amount."

"I can find no words to express my feelings," said General Carden, deeply affected. "I do not think that I am entitled to so large a share of these profits. I—really I do not know what to say to you, Mr. Blake. God bless and reward you."

"Don't thank me," replied James Blake.

A strange expression came over his face and a look of pain to his dark eyes. "I am not—I should not—"

He paused, released General Carden's hand and turning abruptly, rushed across the room and vanished into an inner office.

In the turmoil of his own feelings General Carden paid little attention to this strange action. Six hours before he had entered these rooms all but penniless. He left them more than a millionaire.

In a darkened room in a remote quarter of the city, a gray-haired man gasped for breath and moaned in his delirium. A great financial battle had been fought. Randolph Morris was one of the stricken victims, and Marshall Carden was one of the victors.

In this age of commercial and industrial barbarism, man must climb to glory over the dead and mangled bodies of the losers. Commercial competition has all the horrors and none of the chivalry of physical warfare.

Thoughts such as these came to John Burt when the news circulated that Randolph Morris had been stricken in his office. The blow aimed at the son had fallen with crushing force on the father. In the hour of victory John Burt was silent and sad, and John Hawkins was not slow to glean the reason.

"I wouldn't worry over Randolph Morris," he said, with a gruffness which was assumed. "The old man will recover. One stroke of apoplexy won't kill him."

"Write to Randolph Morris," said John, addressing Blake, "and say that his personal property is exempt in this settlement. He has scheduled it as having a value of nearly a million dollars. I shall not take it from him. He's an old man, with daughters and others dependent on him."

"Good for you, Burt!" exclaimed John Hawkins. "It isn't business, but business is hell—as old Sherman said about war. I'm going to my hotel to take a nap. Where can I see you this evening? Dine with me at the hotel at nine o'clock. What d'ye say? You, too, Blake."

(To be continued.)

Causes of Nervous Prostration.

"Believe me," said a Spruce street physician who makes a specialty of treating nervous disorders, "it isn't overwork that superinduces nervous prostration. The men who succumb to nervous strain are not the men who work continually under high pressure. The man who has no relaxation has no time to brood over his health, and brooding is fatal to a man whose nerves are highly strung. If a man is constantly busy in mind from morning until night he isn't in any danger of nervous trouble. It's only when he relaxes and gives himself a certain amount of leisure that he is danger. A man is a good bit like a piece of machinery. It's the relaxation that tells. Take Russell Sage, for instance. He celebrated his 88th birthday to-day, and he is in the harness all the time. Should he give up even a part of his daily routine the probabilities are that he would be a dead man in six months. The man whose nerves trouble him is the man of comparative leisure."—Philadelphia Record.

Mountain Air to Blame.

A new guest arrived at a New Hampshire farmhouse where a Boston gentleman happened to be holding forth on the piazza. The newcomer was much impressed by the speaker's fluency.

"I declare," he remarked to the landlord, "that man has an extensive vocabulary, hasn't he?"

"That's so," he said. "That's what mountain air will do for a man. He ain't been boardin' with me but two weeks, and I know he must have let his waistband out much as four times."—Rochester Herald

WERE FRIENDS WITH OFFICERS.

Indians of the Plains Treated Them as Brothers.

"The best friend the Indian ever had was the old-time regular army officer," said T. P. Montgomery, a cattle raiser of Miles City, Mont., "and incidentally, the best friend the young cub officer just of West Point ever had was the old-time Indian. I have lived in Montana, Nebraska and Idaho practically all my life, and I saw and took part in many of the Indian campaigns of twenty and thirty years ago. During the Indian wars I saw hundreds of things to prove to me the bonds of friendship existing between the boy officer and the wily old Indian, even when the latter was on the warpath."

"In the summer of '76, about the time of Custer and the Little Big Horn, I was in Montana. The Cheyenne Sioux were giving the settlers trouble, and two troops of cavalry had been sent after them and were encamped on what is now my own ranch. The old officers at that time had a habit of sending out a lieutenant with three or four men on scouting expeditions."

"One old Indian told me afterward that he and a party of his scouts were in hiding one afternoon when a lieutenant and three privates rode by, looking for them, and less than twenty yards from where the Indians were hidden. Did the Indians shoot? Of course not. They knew the young lieutenant, had probably swapped tobacco with him, and they allowed him to pass by unharmed."

Real Leaders of Men.

Men of genuine excellence in every station of life—men of industry, of integrity, of high principle, of sterling honesty of purpose—command the spontaneous homage of mankind. It is natural to believe in such men, to have confidence in them and to imitate them. All that is good in the world is upheld by them, and without their presence in it the world would not be worth living in.—Samuel Smiles.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Dr. H. H. Tuttle*.

In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

First Bomb Outrage.

The first "bomb outrage" was committed on Christmas eve, 1800, by Saint-Nejant, who wished to remove Napoleon, then first consul, in the interest of the Royalists. Napoleon escaped, but among his escort and the bystanders there were about 130 casualties.

The daily wage for skilled labor in Italy is, for machinists, 55 to 70 cents; masons, 50 to 60 cents; carpenters, 50 to 70 cents, and cotton workers, 30 to 50 cents.

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Work of British "Grafters."

According to the committee of public accounts, wholesale "grafting" prevailed on the British side during the Boer war. For example, out of a total sum of \$6,250,000 issued to the imperial yeomanry committee, \$2,230,000 can not be accounted for. Of 999 mules shipped to Beira, on the South African coast, 158 died at sea and the remaining 841 "can not be traced further than Beira." As for remounts, out of 617,000 horses and 155,000 mules supposed to have been sent to Africa, 34,468 horses and 5,862 mules can not be accounted for.

Laughter and Dyspepsia.

Laughter stimulates the digestive process, accelerates the respiration, and gives a warm glow to the whole system. It brightens the eye, expands the chest, forces the poison out from the least-used lung cells, fills them with life-giving oxygen, and tends to restore that exquisite poise or balance which we call health. If there is anything we need to learn, it is to laugh at meals. There is no table-sauce like it. It is the great enemy of dyspepsia.

Home at the World's Fair.

D. C. Kolp, ex-Chief Clerk of Iowa House of Representatives, is manager Hotel Alta Vista, near Agricultural entrance and is prepared to entertain guests with rooms at \$1.00 and coin 50 cents. Electric lights, toilet and bath rooms, cafe. Market street cars direct from Union Station. Highest and coolest point around St. Louis. Official maps of Fair and other information sent on application. Make reservations now.

"Her marriage was a great disappointment to her friends." "Indeed?" "O. yes. They all predicted it would turn out unhappily, and it didn't!"—Stray Stories.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 261 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Are you a witness for the prosecution or the defense?" "I—I ain't quite sure, sir, I'm on the side of that gentleman over there, sir. He's the one that hired me!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

It costs New York five times as much as it does London to maintain parks and recreation grounds.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—WM. O. ENDSLEY, Vanburn, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

Faith is only worthy as it is a force behind work.

"Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy" cured my wife of a terrible disease. With pleasure I testify to its marvellous efficacy." J. Sweet, Albany, N. Y.

The light that blesses the true blasts the false.

The Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, send Home Eye Book free. Write them about your eyes.

Singleton—"From what I have seen of your wife I am led to believe she is somewhat of a temperizer." "Weidely—" "You bet she is. I see her temper rise more frequently than I care to."

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W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's \$3.50 and \$5.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world. The reason they are the greatest sellers is, they are made of the best leathers, hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and have more value than any other shoe.

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"AS GOOD AS \$7.00 SHOES."

"Heretofore I have been wearing \$7.00 shoes. I purchased a pair of W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes, which I have worn every day for four months. They are so satisfactory I do not intend to return to the more expensive shoes."

J. M. GRAY KNOWLES, Asst. City Solicitor, Phila.

Brockton Leads the Men's Shoe Fashions of the World. W. L. Douglas uses Corona Coltskin in his \$3.50 shoes. Corona Colt is conceded to be the finest Patent Leather made. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

Send for Catalog giving full instructions how to order by mail.

W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.



Miss Hapgood tells how she escaped an awful operation by using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered for four years with what the doctors called Salpingitis (inflammation of the fallopian tubes and ovaries), which is a most distressing and painful ailment, affecting all the surrounding parts, undermining the constitution, and snatching the life forces. If you had seen me a year ago, before I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and had noticed the swollen eyes, sallow complexion, and general emaciated condition, and compared that person with me as I am today, robust, hearty and well, you would not wonder that I feel thankful to you and your wonderful medicine, which restored me to new life and health in five months, and saved me from an awful operation."—MISS IRENE HAPGOOD, 1032 Sandwich St. Windsor, Ont.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Ovaritis or inflammation of the ovaries or fallopian tubes which adjoin the ovaries may result from sudden stopping of the monthly flow, from inflammation of the womb, and many other causes. The slightest indication of trouble with the ovaries, indicated by dull throbbing pain in the side, accompanied by heat and shooting pains, should claim your instant attention. It will not cure itself, and a hospital operation, with all its terrors, may easily result from neglect.

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W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 38—1904



Grasping his massive gold-headed cane he brought it down on the glass dome . . .

"Later.—It is rumored that the banking house of Randolph Morris & Company has suspended."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Father and Son.

One by one the directors of the bank had entered the room where Randolph Morris was making his fight against overwhelming odds. Some he recognized by an almost imperceptible bow, but no words came from his lips as he bent over the tape. The faces of the directors were pale and drawn from tension.

When L. & O. had mounted to eighty dollars a share, Randolph Morris changed his tactics and attempted to check the rise by throwing all his holdings on the market. In less than an hour he hurled thirty-five thousand shares into the speculative whirlpool.

It was like stemming Niagara with a straw. The price did not sag. The powerful interests back of L. & O. pledged three millions of dollars for this stock and clamored for more.

In response to a demand for margins, Randolph Morris deposited several millions cash and valid securities. Alarmed by rumors, patrons of the bank formed in long lines and demanded their deposits. There was no gleam of hope, but grim in defeat the old banker stood by the wheel and watched the ship of his fortunes as she swiftly neared the reefs of ruin.

A clerk entered and handed to Randolph Morris the yellow slip of paper containing the bulletin. He read it slowly, crumpled it in his hands and threw it on the floor.

Grasping his massive gold-headed cane, he brought it down on the glass dome which covered the delicate mechanism of the ticker. One of the flying fragments cut his cheek and a few drops of blood slowly trickled down his face.

"The corporation of Randolph Morris & Company is bankrupt!" he said, rising to his feet and looking into the faces of his astounded associates.

"The Board of Directors will convene at once and take formal action to that effect. Be seated, gentlemen, and come to order. You may make the motion for suspension, Mr. Mason."

When Randolph Morris adjourned the directors' meeting he looked about for his son, but he was not in the room. He found Arthur Morris within the caged enclosure occupied by the paying teller. In his hands were several packages of money.

and take your medicine like a man; we may win out yet."

To which encouraging advice Randolph Morris made no reply, and the son left the room.

As Randolph Morris was tenderly carried down the steps, through an angry crowd, and placed in an ambulance, he opened his eyes and looked longingly at the building which bore his name. Thus he made his last journey away from the roar and turmoil of Wall street; a mental, physical and financial wreck, cast on the shores of oblivion by a storm terrific and unforeseen.

Arthur Morris, stripped of all power by the action of the directors, stood amid the wreck of his fortunes.

He was a witness to the compromise by which a representative of James Blake & Company agreed to terms, which, while protecting the depositors, called for the sacrifice of the millions which once stood in his name. The fifty thousand dollars he had succeeded at the last moment in drawing from the bank was all that was left to him.

Through the long hours of that eventful day General Carden's eyes were fixed on the stock board. Few of the excited customers of James Blake & Company recognized the ex-banker, and none knew the reason for his absorbing interest in the fluctuations of the stock labeled L. & O.

Who was this man Blake, and why had he offered to place a fortune in his hand? Why had this stranger come from out the West, and by the magic of his touch, transformed a worthless stock into one of so great value that millionaires struggled madly for its possession?

When he took his last look at the stock board L. & O. was quoted at 105. He nervously drew a slip of paper from his pocket and made a rapid calculation. If Blake chose to realize at the quotation, General Carden's share of the profits would be nearly eight hundred thousand dollars. The figures puzzled him, and he made the calculation anew, only to find it accurate. This represented more than the fortune he had lost.

A wild impulse came which urged him to demand of Blake the sale of his stock. What right had he to imperil that which would insure the happiness of his daughter and the repose of his old age? Hurriedly he retraced his steps until he reached Broadway, and again he entered Blake's office.

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